

THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cooper.*



ARRIVAL IN LONDON.

THE FRANKLINS;

OR, THE STORY OF A CONVICT.

CHAPTER I.—RICHARD ADAMS MAKES HIS APPEARANCE AGAIN.

A FEW days after the events recorded in the last chapter, Miles Oakley returned to Saint Radigunds, and Willy Franklin accompanied him. But whether it were that the attractions he had left behind were too powerful to be withstood, or that the new society into which he was introduced, proved uncongenial to his tastes, the young midshipman soon retraced his steps to Oakley. We pass over, however, the remaining weeks of his leave

of absence, and without further remark accompany him, one fine June morning, to H., where he parted from his guardian, and mounted the stage-coach which was to convey him to London.

He was in high spirits. The world was opening fairly before him; he had prospered beyond expectation in the paramount object of his warm affections; for on certain conditions, which he looked upon as being sure of fulfilment, he was Ellen Murray's accepted future husband. A few more years of service, and he should be free to claim the promised hand—the heart was already in his keeping. All this and more, mingling with strange

fanciful day-dreams of heroic enterprise, filled the young sailor's mind, as the coach whirled along over dusty roads, and between tall hedge-rows, fragrant with wild roses, making the day's journey short and pleasant.

It was evening when the coach rattled through the streets of London, and finally drew up at the coach-office from which Willy had taken his departure two months before. There, to his surprise, stood the sailor Adams, with folded arms, among the porters, waiters, and horse-keepers, who had rushed out from the office and inn-yard at the expected arrival.

"Adams! is it you?" exclaimed Franklin, after swinging himself down from his elevated perch and offering his hand as he spoke.

"Ay, ay, sir," said the sailor; "I guessed you would be coming up about this time, so I have been keeping a look-out these two or three days past, for the chance of seeing you again—having nothing else to do, you see, Mr. Franklin."

"It was very kind of you, Adams, and I am much obliged to you, I am sure; but, my good fellow, how pale and thin and ill you look!"

"Well, sir, to tell the truth, I have had a smart touch of illness since we parted here, and have had a little trouble as well; but I am getting round again: and it isn't of much consequence. Shall I see to your luggage, Mr. Franklin?"

"No, no; don't exert yourself: you are not strong enough. Here, porter, that trunk up there; and——"

A waiter approached. "Good beds, sir," said he, and a private room, very snug and comfortable, if you are making a stay in London."

"Very good," said the careless young sailor; "I may as well stop here as anywhere else; and we will have an evening together, Adams."

"Too much honour for such as me, sir," said the sailor, in a subdued tone; but he seemed, nevertheless, willing to fall in with the proposal; and in a few minutes the arrangements were completed and dinner was ordered: for though Willy had dined on the road, he was hungry enough to do justice to another substantial meal. "Besides," thought he, "poor Adams doesn't look as though he had fared too well of late, and it will be charity to put a good dinner before him under any pretence, poor fellow."

In accordance with this benevolent design, Franklin—as soon as the cloth was laid—clapped the sickly sailor on the back, and said gaily, "Now, old shipmate, we shall quarrel if you don't make some of this stuff vanish pretty speedily."

"You are very good, sir; but"—and he looked down on his rough and coarse habiliments; for Adams was still in his sailor's dress—"but I don't look like fit company for such as you, Mr. Franklin."

"I wish you would just forget what difference there is between us," said the young midshipman, kindly; "and please to remember, that if it had not been for you, I should not have had a mouth to eat with, or a tongue to thank you with either. Besides, 'being on equal terms' now, you know;—ah! you haven't forgotten our talk on the rocks of Gibraltar, I see."

Adams did not reply, except by a mournful smile, or what seemed to be such to his more mercurial companion; but he offered no further remonstrance, and (a waiter being present) the dinner was eaten almost in silence; for the old sailor seemed to be wrapped in his own meditations, and disinclined to converse.

Presently the cloth was withdrawn, and the waiter too, after receiving orders for the materials for punch, which Willy judged would be more acceptable to his silent

comrade than wine. And then the young midshipman broke through the crust of reserve which had gathered over his old shipmate's conversational powers.

"I am afraid," said he, "that my guardian did not act so kindly as he meant to do, in procuring your discharge, Adams."

"What makes you say that, Mr. Franklin?" said the other, looking up.

"You seem so sadly dull," returned Willy, sympathizingly.

"You forget that I told you I had been ill, sir," said Adams, in a tone which sounded reproachful.

"Indeed no: and that you have had trouble as well. And if you have a claim upon any one to help you out of it, you have upon me. I only wish I were better able. If you had only gone down to Oakley with me——"

"Don't speak of it, sir. It would not have hindered the trouble from coming, nor the fever either—for I have had fever, Mr. Franklin. You are not afraid, are you, sir?"

"Not at all," said the young man promptly. "If there were any danger, you would not have been here; and all I have to say is, I rejoice that you have got out of it. I hope," added he, "that the trouble you speak of has not arisen from—I may as well speak out—from poverty, Adams. Or rather, I could almost wish that it had; for then——"

"You are very good, sir; no, poverty has had nothing to do with it. I told you, when we parted last, that I had to look up some old friends and acquaintances. Well, Mr. Franklin, I have done it; and you may partly guess what my trouble is—only partly, however."

"You have missed some you had hoped to meet: I can easily suppose it, Adams; but you are too brave a man to be overcome by even such a misfortune. It is the common course of nature; at least, so other comforters would say."

"It is not altogether in the common course, sir, for the younger to go before the older, though in one sense it is common enough too," said Adams, vacantly. "But you say right, Mr. Franklin; it isn't the part of a brave man to knock under and let misfortune get the better of him."

"Here's to your health, then, Adams"—the young man mixed two glasses as he spoke, and put one of them to his lips—"with best wishes for your future health and happiness."

"Many thanks, sir," said the man; but the glass which Willy had pushed towards him remained untouched.

"I should like to ask you a question, if you wouldn't think it impertinent," said the midshipman.

"I don't think it will be impertinent, sir; and I won't think it so," said Adams.

"Well, then, have you obtained another berth? or—but perhaps you don't mean to go to sea again?"

"Yes, sir, I shall go to sea again, I believe; as to another berth—no, not yet; I am rather looking out for——"

"For a ship?" asked Willy, filling up the blank.

"No, sir, that isn't what I was thinking of: what I was going to say is, that I am looking out for a shipmate; but I am not sure yet that I shall meet with the one I want."

"Not Jem Green, I hope," said the young midshipman, laughing.

"No, sir; though—But, talking of Jem Green, Mr. Franklin, I told you that some day or other I might have an opportunity of giving you a history of my first meeting with that man. Would you like to hear the story now, sir?"

"I should like nothing better than a good yarn, Adams; and it is a capital idea of yours: but drink before you begin."

"I have taken nothing stronger than water since my illness; but I'll be pleased to drink to you in that, sir," said the moody seaman; and he poured out a large glassful, and drank it off with the feverish eagerness of a very thirsty man. Then he began his narrative—with a preliminary question.

CHAPTER XL.—RICHARD ADAMS, THE SAILOR; HIS STORY OF A CONVICT SHIP.

"You have heard of such a country as New Holland, sir?"

"Certainly."

"And of such a place as Port Jackson?"

"You mean the convict settlement?" said young Franklin, with a sudden revulsion of feeling. He looked keenly at the questioner, but he could see nothing in his countenance to build a suspicion upon; and yet, a painful suspicion crossed his mind. Was it possible that Adams had long ago met with his father there, and through all the time they were together in "The Glorious" had known the secret of his (the young midshipman's) parentage, and of the disgrace attaching to his name?

"I told you before, when we talked about Jem Green," continued Adams, "that there would not be much pleasure in my telling and your hearing his story and my own; and I'll give you the choice now, Mr. Franklin. If you'll say the word, I'll shut up, and you shall never hear from my lips what I have seen and known."

"No, no; go on, Adams," said Willy, "unless you had rather not: and"—he added this after a moment's thought, and with a sore struggle in his soul, but decisively—"and tell me all."

"To go back again, then, sir, it is the convict colony I mean, of course. And I may as well tell you at once, that years ago I was a convict in that colony. You may despise me for it, sir: it is only natural and proper, I dare say; and perhaps you may think, if you don't ask, what business have I—such as I am—to be thrusting my company and my confidences on you—such as you are? This would be natural and proper too, for anything I have to say to the contrary, Mr. Franklin."

"But I don't despise you, Adams," said the young midshipman earnestly, and with a crimsoned countenance. "Oh," he went on, yet more earnestly, "if you could only read my heart, you would find nothing there towards the man who has thrice saved my life, but gratitude and respect and—yes and pity, if pity be needed."

"Well, sir, I do believe you; and I'll say nothing more about despising. And now, because of those very words, spoken so honestly, and which have done my heart more good than you can think—yes, more than you can think, sir, I'll tell you what I did not mean to tell—what I was too proud to care for saying—that, whatever I was sent to that settlement for—which isn't of any consequence to make known to you or to any one else—I was an innocent man. I want you to believe this, Mr. Franklin, having said it. I want you to give me so much of your faith in my simple word, as to believe that simple word; I was an innocent, and a wronged, and a persecuted man."

It would have been difficult—perhaps impossible—for Willy Franklin, at any future time, to define and describe the contending emotions which struggled within him as the man was making this straightforward and

home appeal, and which absolutely and literally choked his utterance. It was but for a moment, however; then, rising and laying his hand affectionately in that of his companion, and holding it in his trembling grasp, he said—

"I do believe you, Adams; if my heart could be laid open at this moment, there would be found full faith in your word, as well as respect and gratitude and pity."

"You don't know, you can't know, sir, how much I thank you for saying so," returned the seaman; "and now, having settled that point, I'll go on with my story, and Jem Green's."

"I need not say, Mr. Franklin, how long ago it is—say a dozen years, more or less—that I was sent out in a convict ship. You don't know what that is, sir; nobody can know who has not been in one. It would take too long to tell all, or even a hundredth part of what was suffered on the passage out; and I shall not attempt it. But I'll tell you just one part. We were near upon three hundred on board—three hundred convicts, I mean—when we set sail from England. There were men, and women too, of all sorts, among us: highwaymen, horse-stealers, sheep-stealers, shop-lifters, pick-pockets, swindlers; there were men and women of all ages—boys and girls of sixteen, and old people who couldn't be expected to survive the voyage, they were so worn out and feeble; there were men, and women too, from almost all stations in life; men who had been true gentlemen at home, and were transported for political crimes; men who had lived in the position of gentlemen, and had sinned against common honesty; men who had been merchants and shop-keepers and clerks; men who had been soldiers and sailors and ploughmen; there were gipsies, too—you may have observed, Mr. Franklin, that Jem Green was very swarthy, with dark eyes and hair?"

"Yes, I certainly do."

"Well, he was of gipsy blood; he was transported for burglary: and more crimes than that were on his conscience, though not in the indictment. By his own confession, or rather by his own boasting, he had committed more than one murder."

"There were women also, from almost every rank below the aristocracy: females who had never before known hardship, only by name, and with nerves so delicate, that before their misfortune, as they called it, they would have shrunk from the sight and sound of misery; and females who were so debased by long courses of vice as to have lost all regard for decency, and almost the very semblance of their sex. There were women, too, so bowed down with age and infirmity, that they had to be brought on board in men's arms; and others so idiotic, that their fittest place would have been in Bedlam. But I tire you with the description, Mr. Franklin."

"You horrify me, Adams; I should not have believed such things to be possible," replied the young midshipman.

"It is horrible to think of, and to speak of, and to hear; fancy then, sir, how horrible the reality must have been, to be shut up with such a company, month after month, until—But I have more to tell yet."

"We had not been out more than a week or two when disturbances arose among the male prisoners. The complaint was, that we were being fast killed off with confinement in the poisonous steerage of the ship, and were scarcely ever allowed to go on deck for a breath of pure air; and added to this, was the disgusting filth of the wretched place into which we were crammed, like slaves in the hold of a slave, or cattle in a market-pen. Besides, we were being starved, for the rations served

out to us were barely sufficient to sustain life, to say nothing of their wretched quality.

"Along with these disturbances were desperate quarrels among the prisoners—not among all, for the greater part were peaceable enough; but some of the more desperate were like wild beasts, and because they could not vent their passions on the keepers, they turned upon one another. The worst scenes were when our food was dealt out to us; for then the strong, or those who had been strong, fell upon the weaker, and robbed them of what was in itself hardly sufficient to keep body and soul together; and if there was any resistance, or a word of complaint, blows were struck and blood flowed.

"There was not the least attempt made at first to put a stop to these disorders. But when, after a time, the fights increased in savageness, and the prisoners, one and all of us, became ferocious—it was the ferocity of despair, Mr. Franklin—a plan for taming us down was put into execution. There was no distinction made, sir, between the old and the young, the strong and the feeble, the desperate and the quiet, the well and the dying: chains were brought, and we were chained together in rows of sixes or tens, as the case might be; and there we were in that hell upon earth (I can't give it a milder name) all the rest of the voyage, fastened together like wild beasts.

"It was not to keep us from hurting one another—don't think that, Mr. Franklin, but to keep from us the power of hurting those who were over us."

"It is very terrible," said the listener.

"I have not told you all yet, Mr. Franklin; but I'll cut the rest of it short. There were deaths almost every day among us; but it was not till the poor wretches died that the chains were taken off them; and then, after a hurried burial service, or none, as it might happen, they were thrown into the sea. But this isn't the worst, sir. You will scarcely believe me, and yet I am telling only the simple truth, when I say that, again and again, up to the very end of the voyage, the poor prisoners used for a time to conceal from the keepers the deaths of their companions, to get their share of provisions. And so the living were chained to the dead till it couldn't any longer be borne.

"Well, sir, it ended at last—I mean the voyage did; and by that time more than half of us were dead. Not much over a hundred reached the settlement, and these were in almost the last stages of exhaustion and wretchedness, from scurvy, dysentery, fever, foul food, foul air, and worse than all, sir, from despair.

"And now, Mr. Franklin, I'll tell you how I became acquainted with Jem Green. I have told you that he was one of the convicts; and I may say, too, that he was one of the most violent of all. He was a true Ishmaelite, if, as some say, the gipsies are come of that stock, for his hand was against every man, and every man's hand was against him. You see I have read the Bible, sir; and all I will say about that is, that I wish I had read it oftener, and to better purpose, when I was your age. You'll pardon this hint, won't you?"

"I thank you for it, Adams," replied Willy, whose attention was more and more riveted with deep interest on the speaker.

"Because, sir," continued Adams, "there's no telling, even with a gentleman like yourself, how soon a time may come when you will need all the help that religion can give; and if, as you said just now, it doesn't become a brave man to knock under to misfortune, it does not the less become him to strengthen his soul to bear it when it does come. It's the Bible that tells a man how

and where to get strength to meet his worst troubles. I don't offend you by saying this, I hope."

"No, no; on the contrary, I am quite sure you are right."

"Well, then, not to make a sermon out of a story, I'll go on with how I came to know Jem Green. He was one of the gang I was chained to, but not the next one; there was a poor young fellow between us. His name was—but it does not matter about his name; he was a well educated lad; he had been to college, I believe, and had plenty of learning. But he hadn't learnt everything; and he had got mixed up in some transaction or other which had brought him into the power of the law. What this something was doesn't signify, or if it does, I never knew the rights of it; but it was of that nature that it came to a death sentence with him. In fact, it was a close shave with him to get off from being hung; but his friends had influence; and what with this, and what with the poor boy's youth—for he wasn't above eighteen at the time of his conviction—his punishment was commuted to transportation for life.

"There did not seem much mercy in this. As far as this life was concerned, it would have been happier for the young fellow to be put out of the way at once, than to endure all the miseries of that convict ship. But he did not think so, of course; for, all that a man has he will give for his life; and I won't say that the space given to the young man for repentance was not improved. At any rate, he was thankful for the reprieve. But his days were numbered. He had never been used to hardships and privations, and they told upon him fearfully, so that he was reduced almost to skin and bone when the chaining up took place; and it was easy to see that the ship would not be long troubled with him.

"And now comes the strangeness of this part of my story. The gipsy Green, who hadn't till then seemed to care for any man, but had been among the very fiercest of the whole wretched crew of us, took a strange sort of liking to the dying lad. I should tell you that we were chained together leg to leg, leaving our arms at liberty; and day after day, as we sat crouching on the boards—not one of us caring to move, even if there had been space enough for us to move in, which there wasn't—Green's arm was thrown round the poor boy, supporting him, while he spoke kind and tender words in his ear, or tried to raise his spirits by whispering hope. At night, too, when we stretched ourselves down in rows, as we best could, the lad's head was always pillowed on the gipsy's breast; and at meal times, when our food was dealt out and handed to us by our keepers, the best of Green's rations (though bad was the best) was picked out by him and pressed upon the poor dying young man.

"It did not save him—it could not save him, Mr. Franklin," continued Adams, who, in recalling and recounting this part of his history, seemed again to live over the horrors of the past; for every muscle in his face worked convulsively, while great drops of perspiration stood upon his forehead, and tears gathered in his eyes. With a strong effort, however, he controlled himself, and went on more calmly—

"The lad died in Jem Green's arms; and then they came and knocked the fetters off his legs, and dragged the shrunken corpse away. It was a light burden, sir. I thought then—I have often thought since—that if his mother could have seen him—the good, loving mother whom the poor youth raved about in his last moments—that her heart would have been broken outright; but perhaps it was broken before. I have heard it said," continued Adams, with a strange, peculiar smile, which contrasted strongly with the earnest simplicity of his

former manner, "I have heard it said that women's hearts require a deal of force to break them; do you think it is so, sir?"

"I don't know, indeed," answered Willy, drawing his hand across his eyes; "but they should be made of stout stuff to stand all they have to go through with, by all accounts—some of them at least."

"Yes, to go through with; that's the word," continued Adams. "I have heard, for instance, of some women who have gone through fire and water, and poverty and contempt, after their worthless vagabonds of husbands—not to speak of sons—with the hope of saving them at the last, or if not of saving them, of lightening their lot, even by ever so little; or, if not that, why, of dying with them or for them. What should you think of such a woman, Mr. Franklin, if you had happened to have such a one for your—well, say for your own mother?"

The young midshipman could scarcely stifle the cry which struggled for utterance as this was spoken. During the two months he had been at Oakley, he had heard more from his kind protectress of his own long-lost and forgotten mother than he had ever before heard, or could have heard from any quarter. And though assured, as all were, that that mother had long rested from her weary struggle, a feeling of admiration for her heroism, ill directed as it was, had taken the place of the indifference with which he had formerly been taught to regard her.

But what did Adams mean by that home question? During the course of the sailor's (or, if you will, the convict's) narrative, an impression had forced itself upon Willy Franklin's mind that the man had in some way become the depository of knowledge, if not of secrets, deeply affecting himself; and he was convinced of it now. Strange to say, however, the truth itself, towards which these revelations were carrying him, never for a moment entered his thoughts. With a strong effort, therefore, as we have said, he suppressed the cry which almost rose to his lips, and, without replying to the pointed question of his companion, merely said, in a subdued tone,

"Go on with your story, Adams, and tell me all."

LONDON FROM THE HOUSE-TOP.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE SEVENTH OF MARCH.

It is but rarely that one gets the opportunity of contemplating society in the aggregate—rich and poor, governors and governed, men of low estate and men of the highest—all under one view; and when the opportunity occurs, the subject, to be embraced as a whole, must be viewed from an elevation, which necessity precludes the observer from indulging in very minute details, and compels him, in a manner, to generalization. Bird's-eye views must be general views. That traditional sage old crow, who figures now and then in legend and fable, and whom we may suppose to be wise enough to make his observations upon the lords of creation from beyond the fowling-piece range, must of necessity generalize, and draw his conclusions in the mass, if he draws any. It is some such a view of society in the lump as Mr. Crow might have had, had he soared over London on the 7th of March last, that we are going to present to the reader on this occasion.

We find ourselves on our perch, about four score feet aloft, and within a stone's-throw of the triumphal arch which stands on the north side of London Bridge, at a rather early hour in the morning. We are not so early from any weakness in favour of early rising in

general, or from any predilection for sight-seeing, or for that very questionable sort of gratification which some people find in long drawn-out anticipations, but from the imperative necessity of the case. To-day the millions are lords of the ascendant, and from past experience we know what that means. It means, among other things, that if you do not contrive to steal a march on the million, but allow them to take precedence of you, you will find their masses impenetrable, and, unless you have the wings of the old crow aforesaid, you will no more be able to get to your perch than to square the circle. Early as we are, however, we are late in comparison with some thousands who share a like privilege with ourselves. On emerging upon the leaded platform, seated and provisioned for our accommodation, we find it already crowded with occupants—faces old and faces new—some who have travelled all night, from north, west, and south, to be present at this great historical confluence, which is to be matter for remembrance for long years to come. At the first glance around we discover a new world among the chimney-pots—a world of the existence of which the denizens below have not the faintest idea. The sloping tiled roofs on all sides have been covered with rows of benches one above another, like the gallery of a theatre, and extemporized stages and seats stretch from one stack of chimneys to another, while all are crowded with spectators in their gayest attire, and already sufficiently amused, as well by the gathering crowd below, as by the singular shifts and contrivances had recourse to, in order to utilize every available point of vantage. Young fellows are seen lying along in the gutters that drain the roof, content to project their chins over the battlements and thus command a view. Yonder a group of bearded men have quietly seated themselves on a board spread upon a row of chimney-pots, whilst a "lither lad," who had got possession of a flue, which one hopes is warranted not to smoke to-day, has cannily removed the pot, and ensconced himself, sweep-fashion, in the solid bricks, where, with arms folded, he waits the coming event. The house-fronts are gay with flags and banners, and eloquent with mural inscriptions upon silken tablets, expressive of loyal and congratulatory sentiments, both in English and Danish. The windows, when they are not of plate glass, are for the most part taken out, and present the aspect of decorated alcoves, fitted up within with seats, tier above tier, crowded with the fair. Well-dressed gentlemen in ranks have taken post on the shop-leads; show-windows which can afford no view from within, but yet present a ledge of some nine inches, are taken possession of by adventurous climbers from below; in a word, there is not an available point which is not occupied by some anxious expectant.

Meanwhile the crowd below keeps gathering—gathering, and the murmur of their mingling voices, the jostling of their countless feet, rises to one's ear like the conflict of a troubled sea. Anon it is varied by hoarse peals of laughter, as some shower of printed puffs is discharged upon their heads by an enterprising shop-keeper, or some ludicrous disaster happens to one of their number. As the tumult grows and the mob thickens, a few mounted soldiers come upon the scene, and, taking up a position in the centre of the road, back their horses against the crowd on either side, in the endeavour to maintain the appearance at least of a central thoroughfare. Detached portions of the civic procession defile from time to time along this difficult highway, on their road to the place of rendezvous; then come bands of policemen, four abreast, to assist in clearing the route, and these are followed by bands of music, and by civic

dignitaries in their carriages, until these component parts of the show have passed southwards to their allotted place. After this there is a pause of an hour or more, only noticeable by the rapid and abnormal increase of the huge multitude, which is now fast becoming jammed together. The show of heads from our point of view is almost fearful to look upon; and, fascinating as it is to the eye, one instinctively seeks relief by turning away from it. The aptest comparison that strikes us is that of peas or beans, in a corn-dealer's bin, or shots in a sportsman's pouch. The entire surface, as far as the eye can reach, is one unbroken pavement of human heads, all in ceaseless agitation, and suggestive of peril of an awful kind should any sudden panic occur. That some such thought broods over the huge multitude itself, we cannot help imagining; for the rollicking sport, the loud laughter, and the careless demeanour which characterized them an hour or two ago, have in good part disappeared; and though the best feeling prevails throughout the mass, they seem to have tacitly agreed upon the maintenance of some kind of order.

We have been discussing our refreshments, and handing round the sherry and sandwiches to the ladies, when there is the boom of cannon, which seems to come from the Tower, and is hailed as a signal that the procession is about to start from the "Bricklayers' Arms," and be looked for in due course. Expectation is shortly on tip-toe; and while we are expecting, comes something which nobody wants, in the shape of a sharp shower of rain. To the mob below this is of very small consequence; it can only wet their heads, and may serve to allay the temperature which one and all are enduring—the steam now rising visibly under the condensing effects of the cool shower. But the crowded roofs suddenly burst into a garden of umbrellas, and at the open windows, the bevy of fair ladies are seen skurrying back into shelter. But the clouds are considerate, and withdraw their moist contributions, and the welcome sun shines out once more. Then comes a breeze of delicious scents, and we know that the incense-pots on London Bridge are burning, and that the happy pair, for whom all this magnificent greeting and million-mouthed welcome is intended, are about to enter the city.

How we saw them enter, preceded by the mile-long civic procession—how, gradually insinuating their way through the solid multitude, they advanced step by step, now stopping for many minutes together, in consequence of the enormous pressure—how happy the royal couple looked—how uproariously the people cheered—what trouble the police and the military had to get their precious charge safely through the loyal hosts—and how, after navigating the dense human sea for over five or six miles, dispensing royal courtesies as they went, they arrived happily at their destination—all this we need only refer to, because every reader knows all about it already from the newspapers.

We did not descend from our house-top the moment the pageant had passed away. A crowd is never so interesting as at that critical moment when the occasion of its assembling has come to an end. A mob is never content with the recreation provided for them—an English mob especially—but will invariably get up a pastime of its own by way of pendant to the performance. And so it is now. The multitude, after swaying this way and that, as if undecided in purpose, is ere long plainly divided into two parties. Of the fifty or sixty thousand heads which upon a moderate computation are clustered together within view, half seem to have made up their minds to follow the procession, while the majority of the remainder want to penetrate to

London Bridge, for a view of the grand preparations there, which they have not yet seen. Add to these a third, but much smaller party, who desire nothing so much or so eagerly as to get clear of the tumult, and safe off to their homes. Now it is that the ruffian element, always present in a large mob, begins to manifest itself. Powerful fellows, whose glory is their brute strength, link themselves arm in arm, and shoulder to shoulder, and push with the force of battering-rams against the looser masses, which are driven up into heaps, amidst the outcries of the weak and the distressful shrieks of the women, who form at least a fifth of the entire gathering. Their cries of pain and terror are answered by the hoarse laughter of their persecutors; and it is not until some of the victims are carried maimed or fainting out of the *mêlée*, and the police with their truncheons begin to make head against the roughs, that these latter, wheeling round, direct their crushing pressure towards a different point. This time they meet a mass linked together like themselves, making for the bridge, and there is a concussion of the two forces, which for a moment brings both to a stand-still, and is followed by a tremendous uproar and brawling, which nothing but the want of space prevents from breaking out into a fight. The din of angry voices rises to a savage roar, which is literally deafening; for a minute or two the separate parties violently sundered, are mingled together in broken groups, some struggling this way, others that, until at length the opposing streams have passed each other. Meanwhile numbers of the timid have taken the alarm, and there is a general rush into the side streets, showing how prevailing is the desire of the more peaceably disposed to escape from the spot. The procession has all disappeared from this point of view by half-past two; but it is six, and darkness has set in, before the coast is sufficiently clear to allow us a tolerably safe passage homewards.

We have abandoned the house-top, when we are met by rather significant manifestoes from the house-bottom, that is to say, from the small area which is lighted only by the grating in the pavement fronting the shop. The description of these, we fear, may tend to dissipate the comfortable conclusion to which the daily papers have arrived almost unanimously, to-wit, that the universal holiday extended also to the knights of industry, and that the pick-pockets, in their exuberance of loyalty, forgot to exercise their profession; for these manifestoes consist of five purses despoiled of their cash, and dropped through the grating for the sake of getting rid of them. Despoiled of their cash, we say, but not of all they contained: two of them only are empty; of the other three, one contains a marriage certificate—"the marriage lines," so carefully preserved, of some "honest woman;" the second contains the certificate of a medical man, relative to the death of John Dash, and evidently just written for transference by the widow to the parish registrar; so that it is pretty certain that the bereaved woman came to see the show while her husband was lying dead at home. One can imagine the battle there was in her mind between her curiosity and her grief, and one naturally wishes that the new-made widow had stayed at home. The sole wealth of the third purse consisted of a small bundle of pawn-brokers' duplicates.

The newspapers came to the conclusion that the pick-pockets were idle, from the fact that very few cases were brought before the magistrates on the following day; but this fact, we submit, points rather to the conclusion that the police were too much pre-occupied with the necessary details of the pageant to bestow their customary attention to the rogues, and that the latter made their harvest

accordingly. Five purses thrown down a single grating,—given that fact—what was the amount of plunder along the whole line of route? Here is a problem which we commend to the curious for solution.

THE REGULAR SWISS ROUND.

III.—RIGHI KULM TO HOPENTHAL.

A TOURIST writes, "The sunrise at the Righi is the event of the day." Well, I suppose it is; at any rate, the day would look uncommonly foolish without it, at the Righi and elsewhere. However, our tourist is right. The presence of the sun at the Righi is thought less of than his approach; the twilight is preferred to the light. I believe there are people who have never seen the sun rise except from the Righi, who have no clear idea of what it is like anywhere else, who write enthusiastically in their journals about the rays which herald his advent there, as if the landlord who gave so large a price for the site of his inn had made some arrangements with them too, when he was about it. Would you believe it, my dear slug-gard, that sunrise is beautiful in many places; that although there may be no snow-draped Jung Frau to blush as she wakes, there are often fleecy piles of clouds which red-den in the east? Do you know that the "rays" shoot straight up amid them like silent rockets, only swifter, straighter, higher, till they strike against the skies? Do you know that there is a grand and glorious spectacle every summer morning going triumphantly on, while your lazy head is sunk in the suffocating pillow? There is indeed, my dear sluggard, a battle between light and darkness—night and day—the two great giants who evermore chase each other over the wheeling globe, striding from peak to peak, skirting the mountain tops, and shooting across the valleys in their endless contest? Well, we got up to see them wrestle on the top of the Righi. Day beat, night retired altogether from the field: the scene was indeed a grand one. Resolved to defy disappointment, we had gone to bed, expecting the next morning to be cloudy. It very frequently is, on the Righi. We went to bed, I say, quite prepared to wake contentedly in fog. We had seen the sun set; we had had our walk, our dinner, we should have our sleep. There was a notice in each of our rooms, desiring gentlemen not to dress themselves in the blankets when they went out to see the sun rise, under pain of a fine of one or two francs.

Next morning I got up and walked out very early. The house was quite still. I expected to have heard the cow-horn, which is blown, according to Murray, on these occasions, but I went out silently into the grey morning; two or three others joined me.

Presently, however, I heard the row begin. I was, say, two hundred yards from the hotel, and yet I could hear the hideous noise travelling about its inside, like a mad bull in a paddock, quite distinctly. No wonder people woke; in about five minutes they began to pour out at the door like bees from a hive you have tapped. They seemed to have made a point of not dressing. It is the correct thing to hurry out, unshaved, unwashed, with wraps huddled on; some had bed-feathers in their hair, at least fluff of some kind, and noses blue with cold; out they all streamed to see the sun rise; it was very ridiculous, and very sublime. The sun rolled up the night like a map. The mob of seedy-looking tourists saw it done in a very complimentary way, and then went back, some to dress, some to breakfast, and some to get into bed again.

The view from the Righi comprises a circle of three hundred miles in circumference. The Lakes of Lucerne and Zug lie immediately beneath you as you stand upon the Kulm. This Kulm, or summit, is a small bare space from which you can see the whole panorama by merely turning round. You have no need to shift your position; no, not so much as if you were looking at a painted one of Mr. Burford's in Leicester Square. You have only to turn round like a bottle-jack and see it all. Close beneath you, as I have said, lie the two large lakes, Lucerne and Zug, of a bright blue green; their shores are dotted and fringed with houses and villages. The town of Lucerne is visible in the distance. Eight other lakes may be counted, reckoning a little streak of Zürich.

But I need not go the round of the panorama like a showman. If you have been there you remember it. If not, you will take a guide-book and a map when you go. No description can give a detailed impression of so extensive a view.

The portion which interested us most, as prospective, was the Bernese Oberland, the white chain of snow-capped mountains, whose names are so familiar to all who have even a smattering of Switzerland; the Jung Frau, the Eiger, Finster Aarhorn, the Tödi, the Schreck-horn, beside others, peak after peak, showing cold and clear between the nearer hills and the blue bright sky beyond.

The day was as fine as the morning. It was Sunday; we had service twice in the inn, and sat the remainder of the day upon the short green grass which grew upon the Kulm. Now let me say once for all, that tourists never make a greater mistake than when they travel on Sunday. It is true that we were walking for the purpose of recreation; the truest refreshment in a sedentary life is exercise. One of our party remarked, while we were toiling up the Righi, that we laboured to enter into rest: so full is the wisdom of the Bible, so applicable to the life of every passing day, as well as to that which is to come; but even work for health must have its pauses. I am not going here to enter into other reasons why we should rest on Sunday, when it is possible; but I wish to deliver myself of a belief that for tourists to travel on the day of rest is a great mistake—it is stupid. They miss the accumulated zest with which the route is resumed on Monday. They grow feverish, irritable, and jaded; they turn their gain into a loss, and really make a toil out of pleasure. Well, we rested on the Righi, reposing, except during the hours at which we held our little service, upon the short green grass which grows upon the Kulm. It was the loveliest day I ever saw. There was a gentle breeze, which went down upon the lakes and brushed them into patches of small waves, thus varying their deep blue green with streaks of darker shade.

The sound of the church bells at Kussnacht came up as distinctly as if they were close at hand, though, on looking down upon the village, the keenest eye would have searched in vain for a human figure. It was too far off to show more than the houses and tower of the church; two or three boats upon the water were barely visible, and the steamer looked like a midge crawling on a large sheet of blue paper, so slowly did it seem to move.

We were above the clouds, and it was the first time I experienced the curious sensation of looking down upon them. There were not many; but every now and then they sailed steadily beneath us—clean-edged, solid-looking, like great bales of white cotton, none of your equivocal undefined apologies of mist, but compact *bonâ fide* clouds, which seemed firm enough to be stepped upon. Sometimes they brushed the top of the mountain and broke, leaving stray fragments sticking about for a few



ELUELEN, AT THE FOOT OF THE ST. GOTHARD PASS.

minutes, and enveloping us during their passage in the deepest fog, which obscured the sun and everything it shone on, in a moment. Then the mass rolled by and slipped away over its shadow across the lakes and land.

I could not help thinking this view of the clouds from above a parable of what we often begin to feel when we have reached mid-life. We pass many things which before seemed far above us—sometimes quite in cloud-land. The prospect, for instance, of a profession, and marriage, often seems to the youth almost more than distant; they belong to a higher flight of existence; but as we climb on, even these are gained, and we see the world, and the things of the world, from loftier heights. Or suppose we think the clouds emblematical of sorrows, trials—there is a path above them. Shall we thus look back upon the thickest cloud of all—on death? There is sunshine beyond that, if we only can mount high enough, by God's grace. Only be sure of this, and then the steepest hill need not make us despair. But if our walk be ever on the lazy lower flats of earth—if we crawl about content to rise no higher than we find ourselves to be, then, though a streak of sunshine may sometimes reach us, we shall never pass the cloud—never be sure, as we might be, of the boundless light of God.

Forgive this sermon on the Righi; but the text was so grand and solemn that—you will say, I had better have left it alone. Well, I have done now.

In the evening we saw the place under another aspect. A thick fog came on, rolling down on everything, dripping, cheerless, cold. We were glad to wrap ourselves up warm when we went to bed.

Next morning the mist was as thick as ever—indeed, it should rather have been called rain, for it was so wet that several fresh comers looked as if they were soaked to their bones. Such an atmosphere, familiar to our Scotch friends, makes an umbrella of little or no use. The inside of it gets as wet as the outside. The rain seems to rise as well as fall.

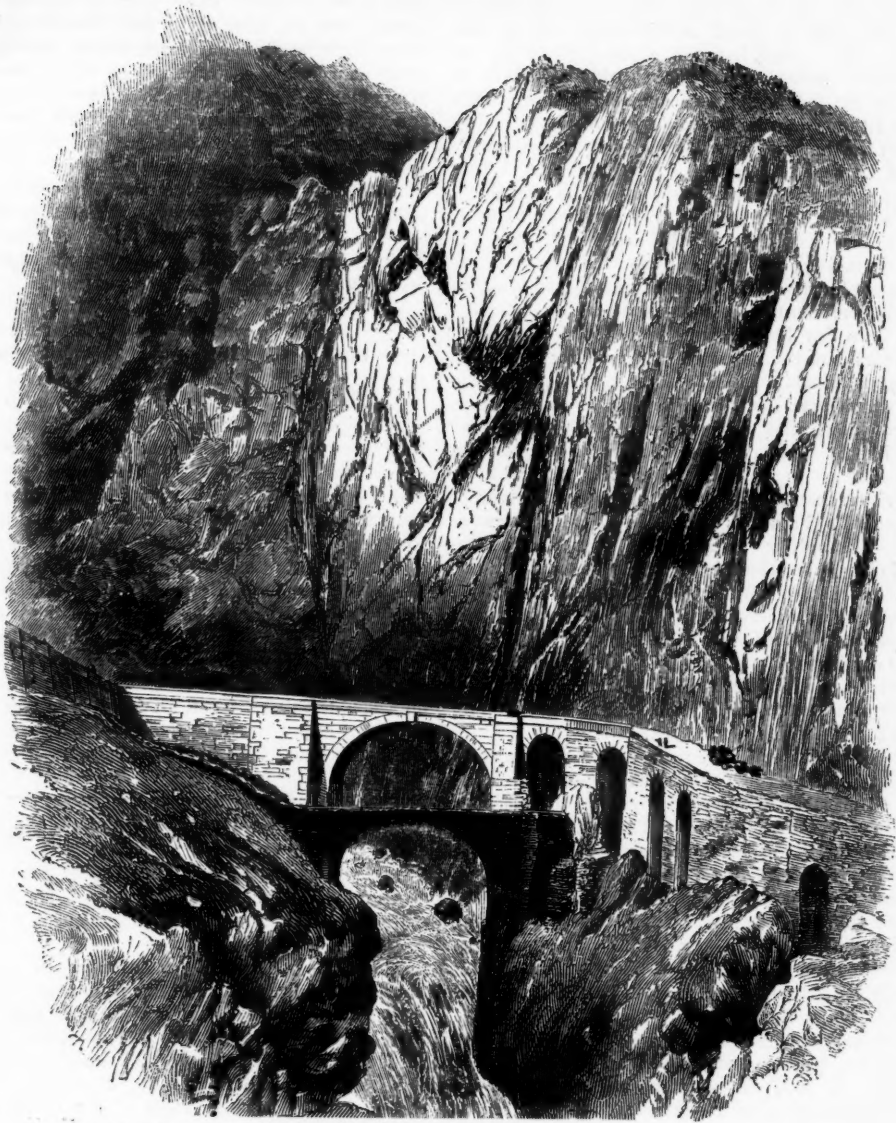
Having stopped now for some time on the Righi, we did not like to spend any more upon it, and so we started off in defiance of the weather. But we had not gone very far before we found that the fog was confined to the top of the mountain, and that a very respectable, fine day, though cloudy, was going on beneath. We walked down out of the wet towards Weggis. This path is rather more direct than that by which we had ascended. The ogre was in high spirits at going down-hill, and stalked on before us triumphantly.

Arrived at Weggis, we sat down in a little harbour belonging to the inn, overlooking the lake, and refreshed ourselves with bread and wine. There was some time to wait before the arrival of the steamer, so two of our party went in search of the post-office, which we found upstairs in a cottage—the postmaster stamping our letters in the midst of his family circle. Having still time to spare, I inquired for a barber, as I wanted to be shaved. This was at the inn. Presently he came, took me into a large room which would have held a hundred people, and, setting me in the midst, tucked a bib under my chin. Having lathered me silently, he took up his razor, and laid hold of my nose with such an air of anxiety and indecision, that I almost gave the feature up for lost—especially as J. and P. insisted on being present, and did all they could to make the artist nervous. However, he got through it at last, shaving one side two days' march in, and skipping about a quarter of a facial acre on the other. This was my first and last experience of Swiss barbers.

By this time the steamer came, and we started for



TELL'S CHAPEL.



THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE, ON THE ST. GOTHARD ROAD.

Flüelen, a village at the foot of the St. Gothard's Pass, near the summit of which we intended to sleep that night.

We passed close by William Tell's chapel on our way, which, however famous in history, looked, in fact, very much like a toy out of a German bazaar. The borders of the Lake of Lucerne are not only grand by nature—the rocks sometimes rising for many hundred feet sheer out of water—but they are ever memorable from having been the scene of William Tell's heroic deeds, and the birthplace of Swiss liberty; indeed, they are sometimes called Tell's country.

The carriage road over the St. Gothard begins at Flüelen. Here, having hired the ogre to carry our traps, we were obliged to hire a vehicle to carry him. We took the opportunity of securing seats ourselves, and drove to Amsteg. While the horses fed, we did too. The principal fare of the country is bread, cheese, and honey; we found abundance of this last everywhere; indeed, Switzerland is quite the hive as well as the dairy

of Europe. We were amused here with the pleasant, free, and easy manners of some of the people. Our waiting-maid having served us, took down a guitar from a nail in the wall, and sang as we ate our luncheon. Perhaps she was vain of her skill, such as it was, on this un-Swiss-like instrument; a hurdy-gurdy would have been more appropriate. Having bidden adieu to the musical waitress, and paid our bill, we drove slowly up the St. Gothard's Pass; at least our driver did, for we walked. As we are doing that, the ogre smoking a friendly pipe with the coachman, let us have a little chat about the road we are ascending. The Pass of St. Gothard is one of the oldest and most frequented of all those across the Alps, though it has been made what it is within the last thirty years. Originally, like many other present passes, it was only a bridle path, creeping up here and there as nature favoured the ascent; now skirting the shoulder of a mountain, now pushing its way in between two rocks, and making some advance up a watercourse, now climbing a slope diagonally in steps as steep as stairs, and

twice as rough. At the present time it is a magnificent macadamized road, as good as Piccadilly, and as safe. Of course such a road, in such a place, could not be made without enormous expense; bridges had to be built, rocks blasted, sometimes so steep that workmen had to be let down from the top by ropes before they could bore the holes for the blasting-powder—channels to be cut here and there and covered in, that falling avalanches might slip harmlessly over the traveller's head. The poor canton of Uri was hard put to it to scrape together its share of the expense of this immense undertaking; and when it was all done, when the parapets were finished, and the road was opened, a storm burst upon the mountains, such as no living man had seen, and in a few hours swept one-third of it away. Twelve years had been spent in constructing the road; but the poor inhabitants, like ants, soon repaired the mischief which was done, and now it is so safe that horses trot down the whole distance without danger. The road itself rises about twice the height of Snowdon—a great descent to make at a swinging trot, with no more provision than a good drag and a careful driver.

St. Gothard's Pass has been the scene of strange changes. Through it, many of the barbarian hordes poured down upon the plains of Italy, when Rome declined; later than that, it is said that not less than 16,000 peaceful travellers and 9000 horses crossed it in a single year; and that was before it was made practicable for carriages.

On this road, in its old rugged state, French, Austrian, and Russian armies fought in 1799, scrambling, tumbling from cleft to cleft, and rock to rock.

One of the most terrible contests in that campaign was the struggle on the Devil's Bridge—not the solid structure of masonry across which cannon and cavalry might march as easily as over the Thames, but a steep narrow arch, which spans the torrent a short distance lower down. It looks like a sham bridge; so slight, narrow, and steep, it seems almost to shake above the river which thunders beneath, with scarcely a parapet, and barely width for two persons to pass; and here Austrians and French met, slashed, wrestled, till the former were driven across, the yells of the combatants being hardly heard above the roar of the torrent, which boiled white at a depth of seventy feet beneath them, and whirled off the dead and wounded who dropped into it, like leaves. So says the guide-book; but the bridge—for I scrambled down to it—is actually four umbrellas wide, nearly twelve feet, and quite firm.

The road ascends the mountains in a series of zigzags, and skirts the river Reuss on one side or the other. It is, however, more like a cataract, or, at least, a series of rapids, than a river, as it leaps from rock to rock. There are some trout in it higher up, where it flows for a short distance more quietly; but I should think, if they ever attempted to explore the extent of their native stream, they must be pounded to death among the rocks.

In many places the road is skirted by huge cliffs of granite, which rise like the walls of a house and turn the brightest sunshine into twilight.

We walked nearly all the way to the Devil's Bridge; for the road, though good, is of course a tedious one for horses to ascend, giving them a dead unbroken pull against the collar for hours.

On a former occasion I drove over the Mont Cenis, another Alpine pass, in a diligence. We had then twelve horses, and the drivers walked alongside to keep them up to the work. Did you ever notice the "burst" with which a loaded wagon is sometimes taken up a sharp slope into a field? The horses struggle, and pull down

their toes. I don't know how to express the action better; just so, hour after hour, we struggled up the Mont Cenis, each of our dozen horses making as much noise as if he had had twelve legs: the drivers shouting alongside, and adding to the clatter by the incessant cracking of their whips. We had left Turin that day, and it felt as if we were trying to pull the town over the Alps, and doing it too, slowly.

However, this afternoon we are crossing the St. Gothard with no more noise—no trifle that either—than the roar of the Reuss at our side. Our carriage is far behind; indeed, I strongly suspect the ogre is inside, probably asleep, with his mouth open.

After having halted for some time on the Devil's Bridge, we got into our vehicle again, and entered a pastoral valley, which contrasted strongly with the wild scenery we had just quitted. Having passed Andermett, we made a bend to the right, and reached Hopenthal, which is about two miles beyond.

We now left the main road which leads over the summit of the Pass into Italy, and turned into the track which conducts the tourist towards the most frequented route in the Oberland. Beyond Hopenthal the carriage-road towards the Furca ceases; indeed, we already saw a great change from the well-kept highway of St. Gothard. It was dark when we got to the inn, which was to be our starting-place for the morrow's walk.

After a supper of magnificent trout, we were glad to go to bed. We even there felt, in the cold, the great height to which we had ascended. I piled every likely and flexible thing I could lay hold of upon my coverlet, in trying to get warm, and fell fast asleep at last before I had well succeeded.

THE WRITINGS OF DR. ABERCROMBIE.

Those who have been interested by the account, in last number, of the life and character of Dr. Abercrombie, will be glad to know something also of his published works.

There was a beautiful gradation in the authorship of Dr. Abercrombie. Setting out from that department of science, the objects of which he was enabled in the exercise of his profession to see and to handle, he proceeded to those faculties of the intellect and the affections, of which we obtain the knowledge by our own consciousness, or observation of the minds of others; and he rose at last to those all-important truths, for the information concerning which we must be indebted to Divine Revelation, and whose importance stretches out to infinity and eternity.

HIS MEDICAL WORKS.—It is remarked by Lord Bacon, that every man is a debtor to his profession; and so well did Abercrombie attend to this maxim, that he has made his profession a debtor to him. On this subject we take leave to state his merits, in the words of one well qualified to judge, Dr. Douglas MacLagan: "It is by his writings that he is known where his personal and professional character were unseen; and everything he wrote is eminently characteristic of him. His works evince unwearied diligence, for he wrote much and well, in the midst of incessant occupation in practice; they show a truly inductive mind; for he carefully collected facts, ascertained them to be such, and argued from them with deliberation and shrewdness; they bespeak orderly and methodical habits, for his note and case-books—the originals, we may say, of his treatises—show that he spared no pains to make his records correct; they evince a firm but not unwarrantable confidence in his

own careful observations and large experience, but never to the exclusion of the authority of others; for no man more copiously quotes, or more amply does justice to those who preceded him in any branch of inquiry. In everything, they eminently display his leading characteristic—the practical. Whatever is useful is narrated; whatever is unnecessary is quietly set aside; what is speculative is steered clear of; what is held to be established is clearly asserted; what is held to be erroneous is temperately controverted; whatever is uninvestigated is indicated as worthy of research. To everything, some practical purpose is attached; and how this purpose is to be served, is never omitted."

HIS METAPHYSICAL WORKS.—In these, his inquiries very much bear upon medical investigations, and were more immediately intended for the benefit of the younger members of the medical profession, for whose best interests he had the most commendable solicitude. He does not, like too many metaphysical writers, spend much of his work on disputed topics, or in supporting any particular theory of morals; but, stating what appear to him to be legitimate deductions from acknowledged facts, he has succeeded in giving a perspicuous summary of what Dr. Chalmers used to call the orthodox system of moral philosophy, viz.: that which is admitted by Dugald Stewart and the best writers of his school, as contrasted with the paradoxical views to be found in the writings of Hartley, Hume, Priestley, and their followers. In all the sciences, some skilful hand is from time to time required to raise from among the rubbish of conjecture, and the heaps of demolished error, the numerous fragments of truth, which the lapse of years cannot impair or destroy; and if not to form a system complete in all its parts, at least to compile a treatise susceptible both of solidity and ornament. Suppose a system of chemistry, or physic, or political economy, formed at any given time; in a very few years it is rendered useless and ridiculous by the alterations and discoveries of advancing investigation. The most useful way of imparting knowledge is to state, in the form of treatises, as skilfully combined as possible, all that is known in every department; trusting to the logical accuracy of each mind to put the facts in their proper place, to apply them to use, and to augment the whole by diligent observation, and when practicable, by experiment. It was on these principles that Abercrombie proceeded. The endless see-saw of former metaphysics, the long discussions about ideas and vibrations in the sensorium, the disputes of the nominalists and realists, the disquisitions on the moral sense, the fitness of things, and the beauty of virtue, are silently neglected, or at most but shortly mentioned; and all that is left is solid, substantial, and practical.

In the Introduction to his work on the "Intellectual Powers," he states that it is chiefly intended to present to the younger part of the medical profession, some leading facts in the philosophy of mind. There are several points of view in which the subject is peculiarly adapted to the medical observer. He does not need to be reminded how much the mind acts upon the body; that mental emotions often prove sources of disease, or causes by which his remedies are modified or counteracted; and that, on the other hand, a remedy may often be introduced by the mind, capable of composing tumults of the corporeal functions, which cannot be tranquillized by physical aid.

Our author begins with some preliminary observations on the general nature and objects of science, which are principally the laws of causation, or the relations of contiguity or sequence observed between certain events or phenomena, both in the material world and in the oper-

ations of the various faculties of the mind. The sciences may be considered as certain or uncertain, according as the result of the antecedents may be predicted with more or less confidence. Chemistry, optics, hydrostatics are regarded as certain sciences; while medicine and political economy are ranked among the uncertain. The sequences mentioned above, are termed physical causes, and are the only proper objects of philosophical inquiry. Of the power which produces the effects, we know nothing. The improvement we ought to make of this view of the objects of science, is thus excellently stated by our author: "They who have made the highest advances in true science, will be the first to confess how limited their faculties are, and how small a part we can comprehend of the ways of the Almighty Creator. They will be the first to acknowledge that the highest acquirement of human wisdom, is to advance to that line which is its legitimate boundary; and there, contemplating the wondrous field which lies beyond it, to bend in adoration before a Wisdom which it cannot fathom, and a Power which it cannot comprehend."

Of materialism, as was to be expected from so cautious and sound a philosopher, he expresses his decided reprobation. The question of the materiality of the soul undoubtedly derives all its importance, to creatures who feel themselves accountable to a superior Being for their moral conduct, entirely from the inference which some wish to draw, that if it be material, it cannot be immortal. Nothing can be more satisfactory than our author's remarks on this deeply interesting subject; the importance of which, and the solemnity with which it is treated, elevate his style into an unaffected energy and beauty. "This momentous truth, (a future state of being,) rests on a species of evidence which addresses itself to the moral constitution of man. It is found in those principles of his nature by which he feels upon his spirit the awe of a God, and looks forward to the future with anxiety or with hope; by which he knows to distinguish truth from falsehood, and evil from good; and has forced upon him the conviction that he is a moral and responsible being. This is the power of *conscience*, that monitor within, which raises its voice in the breast of every man, a witness for his Creator. There is in the consciousness of every man, a deep impression of continued existence. The casuist may reason against it till he bewilder himself in his own sophistries; but a voice within gives the lie to his vain speculations, and pleads with authority for a life which is to come. The sincere and humble inquirer cherishes the impression, while he seeks for farther light on a subject so momentous; and he thus receives, with absolute conviction, the truth which beams upon him from the revelation of God, that the mysterious part of his being which thinks, and wills, and reasons, shall indeed survive the wreck of its mortal tenement, and is destined for immortality."

Part Second treats of the origin of our knowledge of facts, relating both to matter and mind. The principal sources of this knowledge are—1st. Sensation and perception; 2nd. Consciousness and reflection; 3rd. Testimony. The external evidences of Christianity rest entirely on testimony. Under this head comes in the subject of miracles, which he discusses with due care and with the happiest success.

In another section, he treats of the use of reason in correcting the impressions of the mind in regard to external things. In certain morbid states, this correction does not take place; and the thoughts and actions are therefore perverted or suspended, in various ways. Of these states, four are particularly observable, viz. dreaming, somnambulism, insanity, and spectral illusions,

Under these heads will be found many amusing and interesting well-authenticated facts, with sound and judicious reasonings on the philosophy of them. But we must stop. We give the concluding impressive words of the book. "The medical observer, in an especial manner, has facts at all times before him, which are in the highest degree calculated to fix his deep and serious attention. In the structure and economy of the human body, he has proofs such as no other branch of natural science can furnish, of the power and wisdom of the Eternal One. Let him resign his mind to the influence of these truths, and learn to rise, in humble adoration, to the Almighty Being of whom they witness; and, familiar as he is with human suffering and death, let him learn to estimate the value of those truths which have power to heal the broken heart, and to cheer the bed of death with the prospect of immortality."

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE MORAL FEELINGS.—It does not seem necessary to give any very minute criticism on this work. It displays the same cautious and practical manner of treating his subject, as the one on the Intellectual Powers, although the graver and more personal responsibility with which it is invested for each individual, renders it proportionally more solemn and difficult. The whole must be studied deliberately and in detail; to extract striking passages might be pleasing, but not very useful. Here is one on Habits:—

"From the whole of this inquiry, we see the deep influence of *habits*, and the fearful power which they may acquire over the whole moral system. There is indeed a point in the downward course, where the habit has acquired undisputed power, and the whole moral feelings yield to it unresisting submission. Peace may then be within, but that peace is the stillness of death; and unless a voice from heaven shall awake the dead, the moral being is lost. But in the progress towards this frightful issue, there may be a tumult, and a contest, and a strife; and the voice of conscience may still command a certain attention to its warnings. While there are these indications of life, there is yet hope of the man; but on each moment is now suspended his moral existence. Let him retire from the influence of external things, and listen to that voice within, which, though often unheeded, still pleads for God. Let him call to aid those high truths which relate to the presence and inspection of this Being of infinite purity, and the solemnities of a life to come. Above all, let him look up in humble supplication to that pure and holy One who is the witness of this warfare, who will regard it with compassion, and impart his powerful aid."

Another extract, on Fallen Man, contrasted with One in human form, who was perfect:—

"The origin of moral evil under the government of God is a question entirely beyond the reach of the human faculties. Even by the conclusions of philosophy, we are compelled to believe that man has fallen from his high estate, and that a pestilence has gone abroad over the face of the moral creation. In arriving at this conclusion, it is not with the inductions of moral science alone that we compare or contrast the actual state of man; for one bright example has appeared in our world, in whom was exhibited human nature in its highest state of order and harmony. In regard to the mighty purposes which He came to accomplish, indeed, philosophy fails us, and we are called to submit the inductions of our reason to the testimony of God; but when we contemplate His whole character purely as a matter of historical truth, the conviction is forced upon us, that this was the highest state of man; and the inductions of true science harmonize with the impres-

sion of the Roman centurion, when, on witnessing the conclusion of the earthly sufferings of the Messiah, he exclaimed, 'Truly this was the Son of God.'

ABERCROMBIE'S RELIGIOUS AND HORTATORY TRACTS.—In the full occupation of his time as a physician, and well known as a medical and philosophical writer, Dr. Abercrombie found leisure to become an instructor of various classes quite distinct from medical men and metaphysicians. He published a work for gratuitous distribution among the industrious classes; also one, the "Culture and Discipline of the Mind, for Students;" and "Elements of Sacred Truth, for the Young." Such zeal for the best interests of classes so different from his usual readers, does the highest honour to his truly Christian and benevolent character. He published several tracts: "Harmony of Christian Faith and Character;" "Think on These Things;" "The Contest and the Armour;" "The Messiah as an Example." These are now collected into one volume, entitled "Culture and Discipline of the Mind; and other Essays, by John Abercrombie, M.D., First Physician to the Queen for Scotland, etc."

We know not whether the French and Germans have been as much taken with the moral as with the medical works of our author; but it is gratifying to learn that the moral have found their way to an unexpected quarter, and are known and valued in our Eastern Empire. "I believe," says Dr. Wilson of Bombay, "that I was the first person in India who introduced his work on the Intellectual Powers, and also that on the Moral Powers, and drew the attention of my countrymen to their great merits, for which they were introduced into the schools for the benefit of the natives. These books have now become the text-books of the General Assembly's Institution and Government College at Bombay, and I have no doubt that in that city there are many hundreds who are familiar with the name, and perhaps more familiar with the writings of Dr. Abercrombie than you yourselves are. The same thing has happened at Calcutta; for within the last few years, at the request of Dr. Duff, a cheap edition of Dr. Abercrombie's works has been published. To Syria also, the influence of these works has extended. When I arrived at Constantinople, I had a consultation with one of the missionaries, in order to have one of them translated into the Armenian language. The suggestion was adopted, and the translation made; upon hearing which, Dr. Abercrombie caused three thousand copies of his work on the Culture of the Mind to be thrown off at his own expense."

We cannot conclude this notice better than in the words of the author, in his Introduction to the "Elements of Sacred Truth." "The desire of the author is to bring together in a simple and connected form the leading truths of natural and revealed religion, with an outline of Christian evidence, taken in connection with the leading doctrines of the Christian faith. * * * * * What study in mental science can be compared with that which is presented to the Christian parent, while he watches the infant mind, as it expands with wonder under its impressions of the Divine character, or melts into deep emotion at the history of Jesus? All other acquirements refer to the concerns of time; this points to eternity."

"Should the work on which the author has thus entered be found useful as a manual for this great purpose, he will esteem it the highest distinction that can be conferred upon him. By the favour of the public, his former writings, on a variety of subjects, have attained a most extensive circulation, and have received

the most gratifying marks of approval. The ambition that now remains to him, is to have his name associated with those solemn and sacred hours when the Christian parent calls around him the children of his heart, and, feeling all the uncertainty of the life which is passing over them, seeks to raise their minds to a life that is never to end."

THE FIRST OF THE VERNETS.

DURING the entire of the eighteenth century, and so much of the nineteenth as elapsed up to January, 1863, this family name was identified with the living practice of the highest order of art. In the midst of that month died Horace Vernet, representative of a hereditary dynasty of artists, having been comforted on his death-bed by a message from the Emperor, sending him the decorations of a grand officer of the Legion of Honour. There is something eminently French in the idea of such consolation for a dying man—such an offer of the glittering baubles of earthly dignity to the failing grasp and the fading eye!

And it may be fairly said, that Horace Vernet's family had been illustrious, long ere the Corsican advocate was born, who had the distinction of being father to the first Napoleon. Illustrious for talent and for probity, the name and its possessors would command respect in any court of Europe, while yet the patronymic of Buonaparte was obscure.

That painter, who may be called the first of the Vernets, Claude Joseph, was born at Avignon in 1714. His father was an artist before him, but poor and without honour; he lived in the declining times of the Grand Monarque, when disaster without the realm, and decay within, had paralyzed all branches of industry, and more especially those of the *arts de luxe*. But we may imagine the earnestness with which he watched the genius of his boy, brought up in the strange medieval city, amid the most interesting associations for an imaginative mind. Every day did the child behold the grand Gothic castle of the Popes, crowning the rock of Doms, where still resided a vicegerent from his Holiness—for the town and territory was under special Papal protection, and formed part of the Estates of the Church, until the earthquake shock of the French Revolution shook Europe. Sixty churches provided for the devotion or superstition of its inhabitants, and literary pilgrims were wont to pay visits to the tomb of Petrarch's Laura, then extant, now replaced by a cypress tree.

The boy grew up amid an atmosphere of art, and the strongest taste for it developed in him. Could he be sent to Rome? All painters must travel in Italy; such travel was like a university degree to them. But what contrivances, what saving and scraping, had the poor household to gather the requisite *louis d'ors*! Very few of these were in Claude Joseph's pocket when he took his place outside the diligence, one day in his sixteenth year, and the cumbrous vehicle rolled along by the arrowy Rhone towards Marseilles. Now, it happened that our painter had lived his life inland; his eyes had never rested on the unknown element of sea, across which he was to voyage from Marseilles to Rome. Pictures had shown him the grand horizontal line, which is one of the sublimes of sublunary matter; but what is such representation to the gleaming reality? as unworthy of comparison, as a sheet of choral music to the glorious living expression thereof by a thousand voices.

Claude Joseph watched for the spectacle. And when

it came—when a gentle eminence was surmounted, and afar appeared the blue boundless waters, he could not contain his delight. He sprang from the diligence; he seized his crayons, and instantly began to sketch the scene. Such extraordinary conduct! Did Monsieur wish to be left behind? Monsieur did not even hear the question. A crack-brained boy! *Quelle singularité!* Neighbour Vernet was to be pitied for having such a son. And so the diligence driver shrugged his shoulders, lashed his long knotted whip about the ears of his bony steeds, and left the lad to his own devices.

Till sunset he sat there, under a spell. Every hour made that sea lovelier! Loveliest of all, when the crimson and golden glories of the west were reflected in its mirror, and the evening star trembled in the liquid-seeming skies. Claude Joseph shouldered his drawing materials as the glory was departing, and walked into Marseilles. From that day forth he was devoted to marine painting, and became perhaps the best depicter in the world of the varied moods of the sea.

He made further and more intimate acquaintance with them on his passage to Rome. A fierce storm descended on the smiling Mediterranean, and lashed its waters into fury. The little vessel "was carried up to the heaven, and down again into the deep." Young Vernet would not leave the deck, though wave after wave washed over him. He persuaded the sailors to tie him to the mast, that he might accurately observe the tempest. We trace the result in many a thrilling picture of wreck and ravage, wrought by his pencil during after years; pictures wherein the very hurtling of the darkened air is visible, and the very blowing of the lawless hurricane is almost felt.

The system of minute observation of nature, thus begun, was continued through his life. Especially while a student in Italy, did he labour to attain the secrets of atmospheric effect, and to copy the beauteous skies of that climate. We are told that "in order to note with exactness all the fugitive tints of the atmosphere, it was his custom to carry about with him tablets, in which every hue, from the most brilliant light to shade, had a place marked by a letter of the alphabet, to which it was immediately consigned by colours, as soon as it appeared to his eye." This is the diligence and exactitude which makes a man successful in his calling, whatever it may be.

At first, Claude Vernet had his delays and disappointments, in common with all who receive the education of genius. The poor household at Avignon could send him no more *louis d'ors*: he was obliged to make drawings, and sell them at a low price for his subsistence. What would one of those forced sketches fetch at an auction mart now, we wonder? But it seemed as if no notice would be taken of his talents and exertions by those who were able to reward them, in his early career. The age was one of patrons and patronage, for there was no educated public, to whom either author or artist could appeal; and Claude Vernet was sorely in want of a patron. He must leave Rome, and go back to France, commence house-painting, perchance, as more remunerative, if speedily he find not a patron.

He heard of a Cardinal who loved painting, and was reputed to be kind-hearted; the young artist went to his palazzo and craved an audience. Two little pictures under his arm, he was ushered into the presence of his scarlet-stocking eminence, who looked at the drawings attentively, critically. One can fancy how Claude's heart beat during the inspection. He left that audience, his fortune in effect made. The Cardinal had paid munificently for the pictures in money, and still more largely

in the precious coin of praise; he had encouraged the youthful painter to remain in Rome, and devote himself to the highest branches of his art.

While thus employed, he contracted an intimate friendship with the celebrated composer Pergolesi, whose "works," says Dr. Burney, "in clearness, simplicity, truth, and sweetness of expression, justly entitle him to supremacy over all his predecessors and contemporaries." Vernet fancied that he could paint best when Pergolesi played: and whole days would the young men pass in this manner, in the joint practice of their several arts. Each highly admired the performances of the other: Vernet, in particular, was passionately fond of music.

When he went back to France, he rose almost immediately to the highest reputation. We could hope that the poor self-denying painter of Avignon lived to see his son constituted painter to the king, and counsellor to the Royal Academy of France. For many years his pictures were the great attraction of the annual exhibitions of art at the Louvre. Marine painting was his especial delight: his brush revelled in depicting Ocean under all its phases of calm and storm. The taste seems hereditary in the Vernet line; for Carl Vernet's pictures of French seaports under Louis XVI yet adorn the ante-chambers of the aforesaid Louvre.

The first of the Vernets died in 1789, full of years as of honours. And of him it was said, that "his genius knew neither infancy nor old age."

USELESS LITERARY LABOURS.

A RECENT article in "The Leisure Hour" (No. 589) on "Useless Labours" suggests the mention of some other ways in which time and toil have been wasted in frivolous productions of literature. Strictly speaking, the charge of time wasted, or worse than wasted, might apply to no small a proportion of all that issues from the ever-busy press; but at present we refer specially to some forms of poetical labour in which the talents and ingenuity of scholars and learned men have been uselessly expended. Granting that there is use in such mental gymnastics as are necessary for the composition of "nonsense verses" and other juvenile exercises of the kind, there is no excuse for the preparation and publication by grown-up men of such books as we are now going to describe. The classical scholar may derive passing amusement from their perusal, but must pity the authors for their petty ingenuity and laborious idleness.

We have before us a curious and rare octavo volume in Greek, of the title-page of which the following is a translation:—"A Karkinic poem, by Ambrose Hieromonachus Pamperes, with Scholia and all the Histories contained in it; being of great use to those who study it deeply. Now first published, 1802, at Vienna in Austria, at the Greek printing-press of George Bendotes."

The whole of this book consists of one hundred and sixty pages, the first eight containing the dedication to his Majesty the Autocrat of all the Russias, Alexander I. There is also an introduction, giving directions how the student may read the book; also an epigram of the Honourable Baron Laggeinfeld, Christodoulos Kyrland. This epigram praises the Greek writers, affirming that in all of them you will find wisdom and glorious acts. We have further a quotation from Plutarch, as to how we should read and what we ought to gather from hearing poetry. Then follows the Karkinic poem of four hundred and sixteen verses; and four hundred and sixteen scholia on these verses, each verse being ex-

plained by one scholion, or commentary, introducing historical notices of great men, such as kings, tyrants, poets, mythological characters, and others. Appended to the volume are various epigrams inscribed to different personages, and on different circumstances.

It may here be explained that Karkinic poetry (so called from the Greek *karkinos*, a crab) can be read alike backward or forward, from the beginning or end of each line, as will appear from one or two specimen verses. The composition of such verses implies no inconsiderable cleverness and invention. To construct even a short sentence in English on the same principle will be found not an easy task.

As before said, the poem is dedicated to the Autocrat of all the Russias, his Majesty Alexander I, and it commences thus:—

"Ὁναξ ἐς δ, ἱερὰ τὰ θεὸς ἐξ ἄνω."

"Onax es o, ethete to Theos ex ano;"

which signifies, O King, who was thus placed by God from above.

This Karkinic poem, by Ambrose Pamperes, was written on the words which the Empress Catherine II uttered when many of her chief officers were hung, and her troops, by betrayal, were destroyed by the Poles. On hearing such unexpected news she was in the deepest grief and could not rest. She immediately called her counsellors, and began her speech thus:—

"Ῥυπαρὰ, ἀνομα τὰ, ἀτὰ μόντα, ἀπα, πῆρ."

"Rypara, anoma ta, ata mona, ara pyr;"

"How cruel, mean, and unlawful are these things that I have heard. How full of impiety is this unexpected and unlawful loss. Nothing else is required for revenge except fire," etc.

Although the Poles had rebelled against the Russians many times previously, yet she does not mention former rebellions; she omits all, and calls this act new. Telling how she conquered through her general, Soubarof, the poem ends thus:—"O spring of all goodness, I sincerely love my own nations, which are indeed divine nations. May it please thee, most mighty and most merciful God, that this nation, which holds piety so strictly, may ever remain thine. Behold I bring to thee these my faithful troops. In thy mighty power preserve them always uninjured, and keep and direct them with thy only holy protection and direction. Thou who alone art good, and who art merciful and loving to mankind, become a saviour to my people. Yea, O most merciful God and spring of mercy, visit my people for ever and ever according to thy mercy."

After she had finished this prayer, she ordered the musicians to play psalms and praises to Him to whom it is always just to give praise, when we begin and when we finish any good work.

It is interesting to recall this scene, now that Poland has again risen against Russian oppression; and it may well excite indignation when we find how the pretended sanction of heaven was invoked upon the cruel tyranny and wrong inflicted upon the unhappy Poles of a past generation.

Alliterative poetry is another form in which ingenious triflers have arranged their compositions. Before referring to some remarkable examples, we quote, from the Lectures of Dr. Thomas Brown, his remarks on alliteration:

"Alliteration, which delights us when sparingly used, becomes offensive when frequently repeated in any short series of lines; not because any one of the reduplications of sound would itself be less pleasing if it had not been preceded by others, than those others which preceded it, but because the frequent recurrence of it shows too plainly, that the alliteration has been studiously sought.

The suggesting principle, as I have already remarked, is not confined to one set of objects, or to a few; and, though similarity of mere initial sound be one of the relations according to which suggestion may take place, it is far from being the most powerful or constant one. A few syllabic or literal resemblances are, therefore, what may be expected very naturally to occur, particularly in those lighter trains of thought in which there is no strong emotion to modify the suggestion, in permanent relation to one prevailing sentiment. But a series of alliterative phrases is inconsistent with the natural variety of the suggesting principle. It implies a labour of search and selection, and a labour which it is not pleasing to contemplate, because it is employed on an object too trifling to give it interest.

"In the early ages of verse, indeed, when the skill that is admired must be a species of skill that requires no great refinement to discover it, this very appearance of labour is itself a charm. Accordingly we find, in the history of our own poetry, and in the poetry of many semi-barbarous nations, that frequent alliteration has been held to be a requisite of verse as indispensable as the metrical pauses on which its melody depends. With the refinement of taste, however, this passion for coarse difficulty subsides, and we begin at last to require, not merely, that difficulty should be overcome, but that the labour of overcoming the difficulty should be hid from us, with a care at least equal to that which was used in overcoming it. All that is truly marvellous in art is thus augmented, indeed, rather than lessened. We know too well the order of this spontaneous suggestion, not to feel, when this alliteration is very frequently repeated, the want of the natural flow of thought, and consequently, the labour which must have been used in the search of sounds that were to be forced reluctantly together. There is no longer any pleasure felt, therefore; or, if any pleasure be felt, it is of a kind totally different from that which gives an additional charm to the easy flow of verse when the alliteration is sparingly used."

There is a poem of some hundred lines, in regular hexameter verse—the *Pugna Porcorum*, per *Publium Porcium*, *Poetam*—in which there is not a single word introduced that does not begin with the letter P. But what is the pleasure which the foolish ingenuity of such a poem affords? and who is there who could have patience sufficient to read the whole of it aloud, or even to read the whole of it inwardly? As a specimen, we may quote a few lines—which are, perhaps, as many as may be borne with patience—containing a part of the speech of the *Proconsul Porcorum*, in which he endeavours to win over the younger Pigs to peace:—

"Propterea properans Proconsul, poplite prono,
Precipitem Plebem, pro'patrum pace poposcit.
Persta paulisper, pubes preciosa! precamur.
Pensa profectum parvum pugne peragenda.
Plures plorabant, postquam preclasa premetur
Prælatura patrum, porcelli percutientur
Passim, posteaquam pingues porci periere.
Propterea petimus, presentem ponite pugnam,
Per pia Porcorum petimus penetralia," etc.

This, it is evident, is the very vaulting, and tumbling, and rope-dancing of poetry; and any coarse pleasure which we may receive from it, when we hear or read a part of it for the first time, is not the pleasure of verse, but a pleasure which the wise, indeed, may feel, but which is very much akin to the mere clownish wonderment that fixes the whole village in the rural fair around the stage of some itinerant tumbler or fire-eater. The *Pugna Porcorum* is not the only long piece of perfect alliteration. A similar poem was addressed to Charles the Bald, of which every word, in compliment to the monarch, began with his own initial letter C.

So various, in all ages, have been these *difficiles nuges*, this *labor ineptiarum*, as Martial calls them, that poems have been written, deriving their principal, or probably their only recommendation, from a quality the very opposite to that which conferred so unenviable an immortality on the busy idleness of the *Pugna Porcorum*. The labour of the poems, to which I now allude, was not to repeat, but to exclude altogether a particular letter, on which account their authors were termed *Leipogrammatists*. Thus, we hear of a Greek *Iliad*, from the first book of which the letter *Alpha* was excluded; from the second the letter B, and so on through the whole books of the *Iliad* and letters of the alphabet. The same species of laborious trifling, by the report of the traveller Chardin, appears to have prevailed in Persia. One of the poets of that country had the honour of reading to his sovereign a poem, in which no admission had been allowed to the letter A. The king, who was tired of listening, and whose weariness had probably too good a cause, returned the poet thanks, and expressed his very great approbation of his omission of the letter A; but added that, in his opinion, the poem might, perhaps, have been better still if he had only taken the trouble to omit, at the same time, all the other letters of the alphabet.

A LONG-SIGHTED SUBJECT.

THERE is, perhaps, no one of the faculties possessed by human beings in common, which is exercised in such various degree, and under modifications so numerous and astounding, as the faculty of sight. The events of our daily life make us familiar with all degrees of blindness, and we rarely think of awarding our compassion to people afflicted with anything far short of total deprivation of vision. We see numbers of persons whose sight is so limited, that everything which they have to examine closely must be brought almost in contact with the face, before it can be subjected to scrutiny. We pass and are passed by our friends in the street, because we fail to recognise each other's countenances at a fathom's distance. We see one man travelling over the newspaper, with the print at close quarters with his features, and another reading it freely at arm's length. These varieties of vision are so common, and in regard to ordinary affairs people get on so well in spite of them, that we treat them, for the most part, with unconcern, and leave them to be dealt with by the spectacle-maker. There are, however, other phases in the powers and varieties of human vision, which are far less common, and which, therefore, excite more remark. We refer to the extraordinary powers of sight possessed by some—powers of long or far sight, of microscopic sight, of quick sight—with which those who possess and cultivate them astonish their fellows. Thus, there are persons who will read an inscription on a sign-board, at a distance at which another of ordinary sight will hardly distinguish the board itself. Now and then, we meet a man who can recognise the faces of a crowd of acquaintances at the length of a quarter of a mile. This kind of telescopic vision, however, seems to be possessed in greatest perfection by seamen and navigators. We have known a sailor on board ship, in the middle of a dark night, announce a sail in the offing a mile off, which he saw with the naked eye, though we failed to see it through the captain's glass; and the other day at Hastings, a pilot startled us by pointing to a three-master on the far horizon, describing it by the unassisted eye, though to us it came barely into view through a powerful Dollond. Contrasted with this telescopic sight of one class of seers,

is the microscopic vision of another class—the men who write the Ten Commandments in an area no larger than a sixpence; who fabricate lever watches to wear on the finger; or manufacture twenty pairs of scissors, complete in all points, brilliant in polished steel, and weighing exactly half a grain the score. Another class, again, possess quick sight; they can peruse an entire landscape as it is revealed by a flash of lightning at midnight; or they can follow the course of the cannon ball as it is fired from the cannon, and track its entire route. At the siege of Gibraltar, a number of men and lads thus remarkably endowed, were set to watch the trajectory of the shot from the bombarding vessels of the Spaniards, and to warn the men on the rock, when a ball was making for the embrasure at which they were working their gun—and many lives were thus saved. Such remarkable faculties of vision are generally natural gifts; but they are always improved, and sometimes, indeed, they are acquired, by the habit of observation and by continual practice—as is the case with draughtsmen, surveyors, aeronauts, and numbers of artificers, to whom their calling is their teacher, as well as with those who navigate the seas.

The above remarks may serve to introduce a brief notice of a Frenchman, who certainly possessed the faculty of seeing at a great distance, to a degree of perfection of which there is no other instance on record, and concerning whom things are related, which might be reasonably set down as fabulous, were they not established by incontestable authority. M. Fillifay resided at the island of Mauritius in the beginning of the present century. In the year 1810, he startled the inhabitants of the island, which was then under the dominion of the French, by announcing that an English fleet was assembling at Rodrigues, and preparing to advance and attack Mauritius. When questioned as to his authority for such an assertion, he declared that he had seen the British fleet rendezvousing at Rodrigues, from the summit of Long Mountain, a peak some thousand feet in height, at no great distance from Port Louis. His explanation was at first received with laughter by the French governor, Rodrigues being three hundred miles off, and of course, as every one supposed, far out of the reach of human vision; but as the seer persisted in his declaration in spite of the ridicule he met with, the governor had him taken into custody and clapped in prison, for the crime of raising false alarms. But in a short time the false alarm was found to be a true report: the British fleet appeared off the island, and soon commenced the attack which changed the destinies of Mauritius, by transferring it to British rule. As a matter of course, M. Fillifay came to be regarded as a man of rare powers; his extraordinary vision was no longer doubted, and he was commissioned to exercise it for the good of the community.

Being allotted a liberal pension for his services, he betook himself daily to his lofty point of observation, and seldom failed to report the approach of vessels bound for the island, long before they made their appearance to other eyes. His reports were so numerous, and they were always so thoroughly justified by the event, that, strange as they were at first, they ultimately became familiar, and were entered on the books as ordinary matters. At one time he descried a large Indian man dismayed, four hundred miles distant from the island, and reported her as erecting jury-masts and steering for that port, in which she actually arrived about

a week later. At another time he reported a marine nondescript, which he described as two ships joined together; and a few days after, a four-masted American schooner, resembling nothing which had ever been seen in those seas before, arrived in Port Louis harbour.

The reader will perhaps object, that owing to the convexity of our globe, the tallest ship would be below the horizon line, at the distance of one hundred miles, much more at four hundred, and that therefore it is physically impossible that at such distances they could be seen. This is true: but M. Fillifay did not look on the sea for vessels so far remote, but in the sky, and he saw, not the vessels themselves, but their inverted images, in the unclouded heavens above. Scoresby tells us that he thus saw his father's vessel when it was nearly 100 miles distant in the Polar Seas. M. Fillifay invariably chose the early dawn for the time of his observations, when the atmosphere sea-ward was free from exhalations. He lived to a good old age, and he visited Bourbon and other of the adjacent islands, and he also spent a short time in Europe; but in no other place than Mauritius was he able to exercise his amazing faculty of vision with success—a fact which must be attributed to the exceeding rarity of the air on that island. He professed, during one part of his life, to be able to impart to others his peculiar powers of vision; and probably he thought that what was so simple a matter to him, might be easily acquired by others. Experiment, however, convinced him ultimately that such was not the case: it was in vain that he pointed out to his pupils what he saw himself, and read off the writing in the heavens hundreds of miles away; all they could do was to marvel at the powers in which they could not participate, and finally the business of instruction had to be abandoned as hopeless.

M. Fillifay has been dead many years: his occupation died with him, for no man has since appeared, bold enough to put in a claim for the office he vacated.

SONNETS,

From the Italian of Lorenzo de Medici.

I.

FOLLOW, my soul, the strange, unknown desire
Which Love divine has breathed into thy breast,
And thou shalt hear His voice a little higher,
For ever calling home His lambs to rest.
No wrath, nor scorn, nor envious thought unblest
May dim that pure and consecrated fire;
Hope burns and shines upon the mountains best,
Her fragrant smoke must heavenwards still aspire.
And if thy wind be sighs to scatter tears,
And some should mock thee weeping on thy way,
Faith sings sweet harvest songs for thy glad ears;
Sit down, and let them murmur as they may,
If thou art at the feet of Christ, he hears,
Even as he heard in Bethany one day.

II.

When Lot fled trembling o'er the smoking plain
Where Sodom burned beneath God's judgment sore,
His wife looked back to see the fiery rain
That smote her into salt for evermore.
Thou too hast fled (one miracle the more)
A city where ungodliness is gain;
Behind thee loud Sin's quenchless forges roar,
And Duty pleading, weeping flies before:
O look not backward, lost, half-rescued lamb,
The great good Shepherd left the flock for thee,
His arm is glad thy hiding-place to be!
Even the old heathen fables tell the same—
How Orpheus lost the bride he loved so well,
Because he looked back to the gate of hell.

M. F.